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ANNOUNCEMENT.

In order to commence the issue of this paper on the 1st of September, we are compelled to adopt a temporary heading which will be replaced by one of handsome design and finish as soon as the electrotype plate can be obtained from the Coast, when the whole make up of the paper will be changed and improved.

PROPRIETORS DAILY HONOLULU PRESS

VETERANS OF THE RAIL

CONCERNING OLD LOCOMOTIVES.

How and Where Big Railroad Motors are Manufactured--The Life of an Engine--Like Minerva Born Complete.

[N. Y. World.]

"Trouble," said an old engineer, as he stepped back from the brass railing he was polishing and peered at the elongated reflection of himself on the bright surface, "of course it is trouble to keep a locomotive clean, but then it is trouble to shave or for a woman to wear stays. Anywhere one takes pride in his work it is easy to endure a little inconvenience. But this engine can be kept in order with one-half the work required on older machines."

"Why is that?"

"Oh, the tendencies of modern locomotive building is toward fewer bright parts. Twenty years ago an engineer spent half his life polishing brasses; now half an hour a day will suffice to keep his engine presentable. Some of the newest locomotives are made with no bright parts whatever, but this is carrying plainness to an extreme. Superintendents say that such an engine does not live as long as a more ornamental one, and I guess that is the fact. You see an engineer must keep polished surfaces clean, whereas a plain machine is allowed to rust and so starts on the road to the scrap-heap, the cemetery of dead rolling stock."

"How long can a locomotive keep out of this cemetery?"

"It's average life is about fifteen years, though there are motors on the Erie Road that were put on in 1855 and 1856. These are a little decrepit, but they do their work yet almost as faithfully as they did twenty-five years ago. Some engines smoke more than others, and smoking in a machine as in men uses up vitality very fast. No, I can't say that these old Erie locomotives are so very old-fashioned. In fact they are not. One of the most curious things about the locomotive is that it was born complete. No invention that I can recall has been the subject of so few improvements. Why, sir, if George Stephenson, the inventor of the first railway motor, were to step from his grave into this cab he could run his train to Philadelphia after five minutes study.

"Why have there been so few improvements? From an engineer's point of view, I should say because the machine is perfect. Seventy-two years ago, long before the first engine was introduced in this country, John Stevens, in applying to the New Jersey Legislature for permission to run steam carriages, said: 'I can see nothing to hinder a steam carriage from moving on rails at the rate of 100 miles an hour.' Of course he did not accomplish all that he claimed. The first engine was rought here in 1829 by Horatio Allen, was ried on the Delaware and Hudson River Road and proved too heavy. Then our American artisans began work on a locomotive at West Point, N. Y., and turned out the "Phœnix," the first built in this country. This proved entirely too small for work, so heavier ones were built, but none ever entered practical service. But in 1832 Governor De Witt Clinton superintended the construction of a successful locomotive named after him, which plied between Schenectady and Albany on the Mohawk and Hudson Road.

"The Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia, claims to have built the fourth machine made here. This was used on the Philadelphia and Germantown Railroad in 1833. Four years later the Rogers Works of Paterson, N. J., after two years' labor, completed its first engine."

"And you say these were good motors?"

"Certainly. There have been a few minor improvements on them, not many. They have added a cab for us fellows and a pilot (cow-catcher), increased the driving wheels from one pair to four or six, and in the internal economy added the multitubular boiler and the chimney exhaust. Those are the principal improvements, and on the entire locomotive there are very few patents. The old machines made almost as good time as the present average. As for the few patented improvements, builders say the engines can be made almost as well without them. The engine of to-day is a marvel of simplicity and beauty."

"Have all attempts at improvement proved futile?"

"Most of the money spent in radical changes has been wasted. The Fontaine engine, named after its inventor, which was to make eighty miles an hour with one pair of driving wheels placed above the other, has not, it is said, made good its claim, and the Holland naphtha-burning machine, invented by Mr. Conant and intended to burn naptha and water, is now lying idle in the Erie yards at Paterson. Several trials failed, it is claimed, to induce the engine to work satisfactorily. As far as brass and nickeled work goes the machine is a glittering success.

"The economizing of fuel has always been aimed at, and on the Reading Road dirt-burning machines are used to consume the mountains of otherwise valueless coal-dust that accumulate at the mouths of the mines. In cities where the smoke is objected to, some companies have been obliged to resort to using expensive coke. There are at present sixteen locomotive works in the country, not including the shops owned by railway companies. Pennsylvania has five of these, New Jersey and Massachusetts three each, New York two, Rhode Island, New Hampshire and Maine one each. These works give employment to 14,000 men and every year add about 2,600 locomotives to the 20,000 now in daily use. At present five men have to work an entire year to complete one of these huge machines. The year just past has been a somewhat dull one for manufacturers and a majority of the shops are not now working full time.

"Are all engineers as well informed? I I think so It is our business to know the history of our engine, and we certainly have to know how our locomotive is built. You will always find that a good mechanic makes a good engineer." And the grimy driver disappeared under his engine and squirted half a pint of oil from the elongated spout of a dinner-pail-looking oil-can into an invisible aperture.

THE THINKIST AND HIS THINK.

Bill Nye's Lucid Description of the Mechanism of the Mind.

What a wonderful thing is thought! What a complex piece of mechanism is the engine we call our thinker, and what a glorious result is the think itself after it has just been thunk! There it lies, warm and fresh from the thinkographer, full of life, a new laid idea that may change the career of a nation or knock tyranny higher than Gilroy's kite.

What, then, is an idea? Is it not the evanescent germ of the wherefore, floating through space and at last caught up and germinated in the bosom of the intellectual forthwith? I do not say that it is, but is it not? Scientific truths are first but theories, afterward demonstrated, tested by time and at last they become the pillars upon which other scientific truths may rest, until altogether they constitute an architectural pile, as strong and as symmetrical as the plaster cast of a duck's foot in the mud.

Thought, however, must be coupled with energy and industry, or it may come to naught. Many thoughts protube into the moist spring air only to be gnawed off by the cut worm of neglect or slowly eaten by the squashbug of idle speculation. I once knew a man whose brain was one of the most active of his time, and yet his name is not known beyond the limits of his own school district. When his brain began to act, and as it were to give down, you could almost hear it. He had a fine scholarly mind, and yet his liver was torpid. To show how nature delights to deal with incongruities, I need only say that although this man was a poet and an artist in his mind, he ate pie with a knife and finally died in obscurity. He was not practical with all his greatness, and he walked down the long vista of life holding up his pantaloons by means of a shingle nail! How often is this the case. Why should men with the greatest mental endowments be also most prone to gastric eccentricities? And yet it is so. I am that way myself.

Sometimes I am tempted to repine, and to ask: Why should I run all to soul and to brain, and be top heavy with intellect, and yet be the plaything of bilious colic? It is but the natural penalty attached to eminence and intellectual superiority. And yet at times I am almost discontented. I forget this great law of compensation, or wish that nature had endowed me with a plain seven-octave brain and more genial vitals, instead of such a waste of brain along with a stubborn and short-sighted liver.

Thought, however, is a great success. Without it we grope through the world, staggering into the legislature at last, where we sink into oblivion. If we scorn to develop our thinkers, what do we become? We become anonymous and indefinite. The thinker muse be exercised in order to make it grow. Exercise developes the thinker as it does the biceps muscle. We soon learn to ride the bicycle if we practice constantly, and so may we train ourselves to straddle the bareback of the frisky young idea, and at last make it subservient to our will. We should early accustom ourselves to think, so that when we arrive at middle age, if we have an idea, it will not give us a nervous shock and feed us into a premature grave. Those who think much at last become thoughtful, and it is surprising to what an extent this is the case, while on the other hand the close student of human nature will be struck with the fact that those who roll up their thinkers in a napkin and put them away in the refrigerator, at last become noticeably thoughtless. While at first blush this statement may appear doubtful, careful observation will demonstrate its thorough reliability. Give the think plenty of fresh air and exercise, or at last it will most assuredly curl up and die. BILL NYE.

HUDSON, Wis., Sept. 2.

The autumn winds will be welcomed by all readers of newspapers, because they bring immunity from the dreadful drivel printed as correspondence from summer resorts. After three months of such mind-weakening literature as the fit of Miss Slashingham's bodice, the color of Mrs. Lofty's hair, the purity of Miss Hedgerow's complexion and the splendor of Mrs. Lovelace's diamonds, one greets the north wind with demonstrative delight. And yet there is no final escape from the toadying toilet-describer of the mountains and the sea. She will return to the city and begin on the winter festivities with renewed energy and an enlarged stock of flattering adjectives. Oh, death, where is thy sting?

Henrich Heine, in his memoirs, says of his father: "Of all human beings he was the one whom I loved most. He has been dead now for thirty-five years. I never thought that I could lose him, and even now I can scarcely believe that I have really lost him. It is hard to believe in the death of those whom we have loved so dearly. And they really are not dead. They live on in our souls. Since then not a night has passed when I did not think of my father, and when I awake in the morning I imagine I hear the sound of his voice as the echo of a dream.

Thomas Gibson Bowler, editor of London Vanity Fair, in an essay on newspapers in the Fortnightly Review says: "In every other department of human activity due, and occasionally undue, recognition has been given to those who by their talents have raised themselves above their fellows; but the press has never yet been officially recognized. Beer and banking, riches, romance and poetry have been ennobled, baronetcies have been showered upon lord mayors, sheriffs and doctors, and music masters have been knighted; but never yet has the fountain of honor flowed over for the ablest, most enterprising and most successful of those who have organized with so much success the daily brains of the nation."